

A Georgia physician has succeeded in removing a half-pound tumor from a hen.

One more whack at railroad legislation and the conductor will have to pay his fare like the passengers.—*San Francisco Alta.*

One years' undisturbed possession of a setter dog will destroy the veracity of the best man in America.—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

A poor little college does not make a man bigger by giving him a title that is to be added to his name and become a nuisance forever.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A writer on political economy says: "It's the little leaks that tell." Yes, indeed; a little leak will give you away as fast as an overgrown onion.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Young wife (potentially)—"Well, even if I don't come to meet you every night as I used, what does it signify?" Young husband—"That we have been married six months."—*Life.*

To look like the majority of the pictures in fashion magazines a woman would have to carry her stomach under her chin and her liver in the small of her back.—*New York Graphic.*

It is a problem of mathematicians to decide which will make a man start the quicker, a Canada thistle in his chair or an invitation to "have something" with a friend.—*Danville Breeze.*

Tourist—"How long has this been a prohibition town?" Native—"Six weeks." Tourist (to his friends)—"We're all right boys. Here, Johnny, show us the way to the best saloon."—*Burdette.*

"Temperance," says an esteemed contemporary, "puts coal on the fire." Away with temperance for the next four months, then! What we want now is something that puts ice on it.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"Lend me \$5; I need them very much." "What for?" "I want to pawn my watch." "But you don't need any money for that." "Indeed I do. I must get it from the watchmaker's first."—*Jeweler's Weekly.*

A possible tenant inspects a cottage to rent, and inquires about the quality of the air. "The air," cries the landlord, "the air is wonderful. One becomes a centenarian quicker here than anywhere else."—*French Pin.*

Blobson—What makes you look so cheerful to-day, Dumpey? Dumpey—My daughter left the window open yesterday and our piano was struck by lightning. You can't imagine what a relief it is.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Lightning knocked over three men who were sitting on boxes in front of a grocery store in Paterson, N. J. One of them was knocked senseless. The other exclaimed: "Leger! I'm coming right home."—*Burlington Free Press.*

A 3-year-old, who, afflicted probably by the hot weather, had been cross and fretful all day, was asked rather sharply by his mother: "What's the matter?" "I want it to snow," was the child's prompt reply.—*Albany Journal.*

A young physician who had recently hung out his sign came home one day in high spirits. "Do you know, my dear," he said to his wife, "I'm really becoming quite well known here. The undertakers bow to me already."—*French Fun.*

"Say," observed a distinguished member of Chicago's literary circle, to another: "It's my opinion that this Bacon cipher is a good thing." "Is it?" replied the other, greatly interested. "Does it give points on land, too?"—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

The professor was examining a young candidate in law. The subject being inheritance, he said: "When a nephew inherits money from his uncle what has he to do?" "Nothing in the world, mon professeur, except to enjoy himself."—*French Fun.*

A great truth: Lager-beer is a better drink than whisky on a hot day. Another great truth: Ice-water is a better drink than lager-beer on that same day.—*New York Sun.* Still another great truth: And the less you drink of either the better it will be for you.

The Philadelphia Crematory Association has completed its plans for a mortuary bakery. No furnaces will be needed, because the requisite heat for incinerating human bodies will be supplied by storing up the average Philadelphia summer climate in large receivers.—*Life.*

There is a use for cats and a necessity for dogs, circumstances justify babies and throw a halo of extinction about the milkman and the fishmonger, the "scissys grinder," and the member of old umbrellas; but he that keeps a peacock within city limits is utterly without excuse.—*Toronto Globe.*

The clever wife of a professor in a western college once wrote in one of those confession books where people put down their opinions on all sorts of subjects, in answer to the question: "What is your idea of a heroine?" "An educated American woman who does her own housework."—*Boston Traveler.*

Employer (to new clerk)—Didn't I see you coming out of a billiard saloon last night? New clerk (frightened)—Ye-yes, sir. Employer—You play billiards then? New clerk—Ye-yes, sir. Employer—Well, after we close up I'll go around and play you a game for the drinks. I'm something of a player myself.—*Helo York Sun.*

"Hello, Major," said the judge this morning. "I haven't seen you for a week, where have you been?" "Been home sick as a dog," replied the major. "You! Why, you were always as healthy as could be. What in the world made you ill?" Well, I tried to follow some rules which I saw in the papers.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

There is a good deal of fool for contemplation in the remark attributed to a Pacific coast Chinaman. He was taken to see one of the booming new towns, where all the outlying country was laid out in city lots, and he took it all in. When he returned home he was asked what he thought of it, and answered, "Too much by and by."—*Hartford Courant.*

"Nice evening," said a jolly militiaman to the policeman at the corner of Eleventh and D streets last night. "Yes," was the reply. "I am just admiring the stars." "What particular planet are you stuck on?" "Uranus." "I am not. It puts me in mind of the night before last in Ingaurd-Dag when U-ran-us all in."—*Washington*

LOVE THE ETERNAL.

I dream of thee, O Love, in visions flinging
A magic halo around thy saint-like
splendor,
And bowed I worship thee until I render
My soul to thee, until it is a singing
Of holy Love enthroned.

Where myriad worlds its glorious sway
have owned,
I almost died to view a form created
From my heart's chaos, till in glory
burning,
More bright than stars or moons or suns
returning,
Thou cam'st to me in darkling snares be-
lated
And drew me to thy sphere,
And hallowed me to be thine own com-
peer.

Yes, thine for ever, Love, for passion never
Dies, nor shall die, although sorrow
hides,
Its splendour changes, like the stars
cloud-bidden;
Be bright no more that must be bright
forever,
That shall forever shine
In awful radiance from the bright divine.
—[Morley Roberts.]

CUP OF COLD WATER.

Shortly after the close of the great war, I travelled on the railway for some hours of a bright, June day, seated beside a young soldier, a cavalryman, from Wisconsin, who was on his way home, with an honorable discharge, after a service of four years. My fellow-traveller proved to be quite intelligent and sociably inclined, and beguiled the way by relating many incidents of the battle-field, and of camp and hospital life. One of the simplest of his stories, told with an appearance of the utmost good faith, I have never forgotten—remembering distinctly every detail, while some of his more marvelous and tragic narrations have quite faded from my mind.

"Our regiment," he said, "was under Banks, in the spring of 1862, when he made such good time in getting down the Shenandoah Valley. It was an awful, driving, confused, exhausting, hurry-scurry change of base, but it's curious that I chiefly remember it by a little incident, which perhaps you will think was hardly worth laying up, and is hardly worth telling of."

I signified my desire to hear his little story and he went on:

"It was one morning dispatched, in hot haste, to the extreme rear, with a very important order. As ill-luck would have it, I had to ride a strange horse, as my own had fallen lame. The one provided for me proved just the most ill-natured, vicious brute I ever mounted. I had hard work to mount him at all, for his furious rearing and plunging; and when, at last, I reached the saddle, he was so enraged, there was no getting him on for at least five minutes. With his ugly head, and his ears back, he would whirl round and round, pivoting on his fore-feet, and lashing out with his hind-legs, till I fancy they must have looked like the spokes of a big wheel. When he found that I was master of the situation, that my hand was firm and my spurs were sharp, he gave in, and till the next time, but I knew that he was continually watching for a chance to fling me over his head and trample the mastery out of me."

"I rode hard that day, both because of my orders, and for the purpose of putting that devil of a horse through; but there were many obstructions in the road—marching columns, artillery, army-wagons, and, above all, hosts of contrabands, who were always scrambling to get out of your way, just into your way; so it was noon before I had made half of my distance. It was a hot, sultry, and dusty day. I had exhausted my canteen, and was panting, with tongue almost lolling, like a dog. Just as my thirst was becoming quite unbearable, I came upon a group of soldiers, lounging by a wayside spring, drinking and filling their canteens. At first I thought I would dismount, as my horse seemed pretty well subdued and bloated; but no sooner did he guess my intention, than he began again his diabolical friskings and plungings, at which the stragglers about the spring set up a provoking laugh, which brought my already hot blood up to the boiling-point. Still, I didn't burst out at once. I swung off my canteen, and said to one of the men, the only fellow that hadn't laughed at my bout with the horse: 'Here, comrade, just you fill this for me.'"

"He was a tall, dark, heavy-browed, surly-looking chap, but, for all that, I didn't look for such an answer as he growled out:

"'Fill your own canteen, and be— to you!'"

"I tell you I was mad; the other fellows laughed again, and then I was madder and I just said to him, 'You mean devil! I hope to God I shall yet hear you begging for a drink of water! If ever I do, I'll see you die, and go where you belong, before I'll give it to you!'"

"Then I galloped on, though some of the men called to me to come back, saying they'd fill my canteen. I didn't stop till I reached a house, a mile or two further on, where a little black boy watched both me and my horse, and filled my canteen, with a smile that the handful of new pennies I gave him couldn't begin to pay for. When I compared the conduct of this poor little chip of ebony, who said he 'never had no father, nor mother, nor no name but Pete,' with the treatment I had received from a white fellow-soldier, I found that the drink of cold water hadn't cooled down my anger much. And for months and months after, whenever I thought of that affair, the old, mad feeling would come boiling up. The fellow's face always came out as clear before me as my own brother's, only it seemed to be more sharply cut in my memory. I don't know why I resented this offence so bitterly. I have let bigger things of the sort pass, and soon forgotten them; but this struck by me, I am not a revengeful fellow naturally, but I never gave up the hope of seeing that man again, and somehow paying him back for his brutal insolence. There wasn't a camp or review I was in for the next two years but I looked for him, right and left. I never went over a field, after a battle, but that I searched for him among the dying—God forgive me! At last my opportunity came."

"I had been wounded, and was in one of the Washington hospitals—almost well, yet still not quite fit for duty in the saddle. I hate, above all things to be idle, so I begged for light

employment as a hospital nurse, and they gave it to me, and said I did my duty well."

"I never felt for our poor, brave fellows as I did there. I had been very fortunate, and until that summer had never been in hospital. Now I saw such suffering and such heroism as I had never seen on the battle-field. Companionship helped to keep up the spirits of those we could not save, to the last. Then it seemed hard that each brave boy must make his march down the dark valley alone. But they all went off gallantly. I would rather have galloped forward on a foal charge, any day, than have followed any one of them over to the 'Soldiers Rest,' though it is a pretty place to camp down in. In fact, my heart grew so soft here, so Christianized, as it were, that I forgot to look for my old enemy; for so, you see, I still regarded the surly straggler who refused me water at the roadside spring."

"After the battles of the Wilderness, a great multitude of the wounded were poured in upon us; all our wards were filled to overflowing. It was hot, close weather; most of the patients were fevered by their wounds and exposure to the sun, and up and down the long, ghastly lines of white beds the great cry was for water. I took a large pitcher of ice-water and a tumbler, and started on the round of my ward, as eager to give as the poor fellows were to receive. The ice rattled and rung in the pitcher like the most inviting way, and many heavy eyes opened at the sound, and many a hot hand was stretched out, when, all at once, on one of the two farthest beds of the ward, I saw a man start up, with his face flaming with fever and his eyes gleaming, as he almost screamed out: 'Water! give me water, for God's sake!'"

"Then, Madam, I could see no other face in all the ward, for it was he! 'I made a few steps towards him, and saw he knew me as well as I knew him, for he fell back upon his pillow, and just turned his face toward the wall. Then the devil tightened his grip on me, till it seemed he had me fast and sure, and he seemed to whisper into my ear: 'Rattle the ice in the pitcher, and aggravate him! Go up and down giving water to all the others, and not a drop to him!'"

"Then something else whispered, a little nearer, though not in such a sharp, hissing way—conscience, I suppose it was; good Methodists might call it the Holy Spirit; other religious people might say it was the spirit of my mother; and perhaps we would all mean about the same thing—anyhow, it seemed to say, 'Now, my boy, is your chance to return good for evil. Go to him, give him to drink first of all! And that something walked me right up to his bedside, made me slide my hand under his shoulder and raise him up, and put the tumbler to his lips. How he drank I never can forget—in long, deep draughts, almost a tumblerful at a swallow, looking at me so wistfully all the time. When he was satisfied, he fell back, and again turned his face to the wall, without a word. But somehow I knew that fellow's heart was touched, as no chaplain's sermon or tract had ever touched it."

"I asked the surgeon to let me have the sole care of this patient, and he consented, though he said the man had a bad gun-shot wound in the knee, and would have to submit to amputation, if he could stand it; and if not, would probably make a great deal of trouble while he lasted."

"Well, I took charge of him—I had to do it, somehow—but he kept up the same silence with me for several days; then, one morning, just as I was leaving his bedside, he caught hold of my coat and pulled me back. I bent down to ask him what he wanted, and he said in a hoarse whisper: 'You remember that canteen business in the Shenandoah Valley?' 'Yes, but it doesn't matter now, old fellow,' I answered."

"But it does matter," he said. 'I don't know what made me so surly that day, only that an upstart young lieutenant from our town had just been swearing at me for straggling and I wasn't to blame, for I was sick. I came down with the fever the next day. As for what I said to you, I was ashamed of it before you got out of sight; and, to tell the truth, I've been looking for you these two years, just to tell you so. But when I met you here, where I was crying, almost dying, for water, it seemed so like the carrying out of your curse; I was almost afraid of you.'"

"I tell you what, madam, it gave me strange feelings to think of him looking for me, to make up, and I looking for him, to be revenged, all this time; and it was such a little sin, after all. I'm not ashamed to confess that the tears came into my eyes as I said: 'Now, Eastman (that was his name), he was a Maine man, don't fret about that little matter any more; it's all right, and you've been a better fellow than I all along.'"

"But he had taken it to heart, and was too weak to throw it off. It was 'so mean,' he said, 'so unsoldier-like and bearish,' and I was 'so good to forgive it,' he insisted."

"I stood by him while his leg was amputated; and when, after a time, the surgeon said even that couldn't save him, that he was sinking, I found that the man was like a brother to me. He took the hard news that he must die, just as the war was almost ended, like the brave fellow he was. He dictated a last letter to his sister, the only relative he had; gave me some directions about sending some keepsakes to her, and then asked for the chaplain. This was a good, sensible, elderly man, and he talked in about the right style, I think, and made us all feel quite comfortable in the belief that in the Father's house there must be a mansion for the poor soldier, who had so often camped out in snow and rain; and that for him who had given his all for his country, some great good must be in store."

"At last, the poor fellow said to the chaplain: 'Isn't there something in the Bible about giving a cup of cold water?' Ah, madam, I can't tell you how that hurt me. O Eastman! said I, 'don't, don't!' But he only smiled as the chaplain repeated the verse. Then he turned to me and said: 'You didn't think what you were doing for yourself when you gave me that glass of ice-water the other day, did you, old fellow? Can I pass for one of the little ones, though, with my six-foot-two?' Then he went on talking about being little, and the kingdom

of heaven, till we almost feared his mind was wandering; but perhaps it was only finding its way home. 'I do feel strangely childish to-night,' he said. 'I feel like saying the prayers—verse my mother taught me when she used to put me to bed, twenty-five years ago. If you'll excuse me, I'll say it, all to myself, before I go to sleep.'"

"So he bade us good-night, turned over on his pillow, and softly shut his eyes; his lips moved a little while, and then, indeed, he went to sleep."

Mosquito Maledicto.
I am a distinguished member of the great family
With a big head, long legs, and large eyes.

I have a long bill,
And you bet when I present it
I get something!
I was born of poor but industrious parents,
From a boat-shaped egg-raft
Dancing on the water.
My father was a light eater and weak biter,
But you ought to have seen my mother.

When she set out for human gore
She was a holy, howling terror,
And I'm just like her—
Now you hear me!
My wings wiggle at fifty revolutions a second.

And I can sing tenor
With a voice like a planing-mill.
Our family is large and hungry;
We extend from the tropics to Lapland.
But we feel most at home in New Jersey.

We love to look upon the blood when it is red,
And, if you don't mind it, I'll sample yours.
Won't permit it, eh?
Well, so long!
When you fall asleep
I'll call around and see you again,
And make life a burden to you.
I am the Jersey mosquito,
And don't you forget it!
Whoop! Hoorary!
—*New York Evening Sun.*

Bidwell's Arrest.
The arrest of Bidwell on his arrival at this port Thursday, says *The New York Herald*, by two detectives, was a gross outrage.

He was charged with no offense, and, as far as appears, suspected of none. There was no legal ground for his arrest, which was made without lawful warrant or authority. The man is an ex-convict, just released from a British prison, where he has served a long term of confinement for forgery. That is no excuse for his arrest here.

The only explanation of their action the detectives had to offer in the police court where they took their victim was that they "wished to show him to the members of the force so that they would know him if in the future he attempted any crooked operations." Justice, Duffy quickly saw that the prisoner was illegally held and at once discharged him. But he could not have let the detectives off without a scathing reprimand that would serve as a salutary warning to like offenders in the future.

There have been too many instances of high-handed doings of this sort on the part of detectives. These officers should be given to understand that arrests are to be made in accordance with, not in violation of law, and that even an ex-convict has rights that are to be respected.

A NEW ERA!

THE GRAPE CURE.
SAL-MUSCATELLE

The crystallized salts as extracted from grapes and fruit, a most wonderful product of nature's laboratory; the greatest sovereign preparation ever placed before the American public.

Sal-muscetelle is Nature's own product; it supplies to the weary system the want of sound, ripe grapes and fruit; it keeps the blood pure and the brain clear; it is a safe, pleasant and effective remedy for all nervous and impulsive conditions of business men, ladies and children. Have it in your homes, travels, summer resorts and seaside cottages.

How Not to Collect a Bill.
Sometimes it is not safe to take a man's money when it is due you, as is evidenced by the following, which occurred in Rome last week. Postmaster Corcoran, of that city, besides attending to his official business, runs a grocery store. On Friday a man came into his store to get a dollar changed. The clerk could not change it and passed him over to Mr. Corcoran, who was in the office. Looking up Mr. Corcoran recognized the man as a Mr. Brooks, of Lee, who owed him an old bill of \$15, and told him he would give him credit for the dollar and he could pay in the balance at his earliest convenience. Brooks protested, but Corcoran, thinking a dollar in hand worth two in Brooks' pocket, kept the dollar. On Saturday Mr. Corcoran was arrested on a warrant issued by Justice Hubbard, of Lee Centre, charging him with petit larceny. Mr. Corcoran consulted counsel and found he had made a mistake. Accompanied by Recorder McMahon he answered the summons, paid back the dollar, settled costs, and is again on duty, none the worse for his nine-mile trip to the backwoods suburb of the Eternal city to learn a point of law.

The Gazette.
Did you ever read about the beautiful, graceful gazelle? It is a kind of antelope. It is a white and tawny color. Some have long horns, and the eyes are very soft, large and dark. It belongs to Persia, Africa, Syria, and Arabia.

Herds of them are seen on the borders of the Great Desert, Sahara, and though they run so swiftly are often destroyed by the fierce lions and panthers. It goes too swiftly to be caught by dogs, but sometimes falcons are fast on the head of the dear little creatures and confuse it, by flapping their wings, and thus the animal is caught. Sometimes enclosures are made near streams to entrap them. It soon becomes very tame and is a favorite food of the natives.

We read much in poetry about gazelles, and in the work of ancient. It is about the size of a roebuck, but is lighter and more graceful.

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Professional beat—"Dear boy, glad to see you. Come and dine with me to-day." Rich friend—"No, thanks. I'd sooner lend you \$2."—*Town Topics.*

His Day for Meeting Lunatics.

Mr. W. L. Callum, a Greensboro druggist, returned recently from a ten day's drive through the adjacent counties. He relates a novel experience Saturday night in Caswell county. He said to the *World* correspondent:

"I had been driving since early morning, no dinner for myself or horse, and I was anxious to put up for the night. It was then 9 or 10 o'clock. At every house I halted somebody was either sick or the man of the house from home. At last I came out at a house and a woman came to the door. She said she was a lone widow, with only one little child, and she couldn't possibly take me in, but directed me to the next house, where she was certain I would find comfortable quarters. I thanked her and was driving on, when she proposed getting in the wagon with me and showing me the way. This offer I gallantly accepted and she was soon seated by me. She was a hale, portly looking woman, very lively and chatty. But her humor changed in a twinkling and she talked of her family troubles, the hard times, how badly she was treated, and then began to jerk and tremble as a person with the St. Vitus dance, and the horrible truth flashed on me that I had a crazy woman aboard."

"I'm the queen and you're the king," said she, and I want to get a straddle that horse with my face to his tail and dance the horsey cotillon with you."

"I thought the witches had me, but quietly remarked that my horse was tired and was in no condition to dance, but that we would get on the ground, where the lightning-bugs and bullfrogs could join us, and all have a merry time. The fancy pleased her, and as I stopped the horse she leaped out in mad glee, singing at the top of her voice:

"Over the river
To see the gay widow,
Over the river to Charlie."

"I put whip to my horse and left her in the road. But another experience awaited me. The next house stood fronting the road, with neither paling nor inclosure, and as it was late in the night I got down and knocked at the door. I screamed from scream from within pierced my ears. Heavens above, thought I, the devil and all his imps are loose this night!"

"A man came to the door and asked me in. I entered, and there lay a woman half naked, her hands between the planks and chained to the door! He told me she was his crazy wife. She was chained to prevent her tearing her clothes off. I waited to hear no more, fearing my horse would be crazy before I got to the wagon. About midnight I was taken in at Farmer Lasley's, and spent a quiet Sabbath there. I learned that the man with the crazy wife was named Roscoe; that he was a hard-working, humble farmer, and that efforts had been made by a Dr. Anderson to get the woman in the asylum at Morgantown, but without success."

A Tennessee newspaper contains the following: "We are rejoiced to know that J. C. Rackfield, that prince of gentlemen and czar of culture, has secured the contract for building the plank sidewalk in front of the Gibbons school. He is a gentleman of the old school and knows a good piece of plank when he sees it."

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DeSanto's
CALIFORNIA
FRUIT
TONIC

This most invigorating Remedy is justly celebrated for its PURITY, EXQUISITE FLAVOR, and Medicinal VIRTUE. The only FRUIT-TONIC for General Use EVER MADE FROM PURE JUICES OF CALIFORNIA FRUIT. It is the most Appetizing, Known, & a Sure Cure for FEVER and AGUE, SWAMP FEVER, DUMB AGUE, MALARIAL BLOOD POISON, and general derangement of the system. For the WEAK and DEBILITATED it has no EQUAL. It should be in every household as a FAMILY Tonic, LADIES and CHILDREN, as well as MEN, OLD or YOUNG should never be without it. Contains nothing that could injure the most delicate patients.

This is Medicated and Tonic. Ask your Druggists, Grocers and Dealers for DeSanto's California Fruit Tonic. FRUIT TONIC CO., DETROIT, MICH.

Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest, Purest, and most Healthful. Dr. Price's only Baking Powder that does not contain Ammonia, Lime, or Alum. Sold only in Cans. PRICE BAKING POWDER CO. NEW YORK. CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS.

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TONIC

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CHICAGO, ILL.

Accommodations for 300 Guests.
HAS ELEVATOR and All Modern Improvements
The Regular Rates have been reduced to
\$2.00 and \$3.00 per day
Special and satisfactory rates to excursion parties.
Your patronage is respectfully solicited.
WOODCOCK & LORING
Proprietors.

COTTAGE FURNISHED complete FOR \$178.21
JAMES NALL & CO.
WE AGREE to furnish complete a 7 Room Cottage, consisting of Parlor, Sitting Room, Hall, 2 Bed Rooms, Dining Room and Kitchen, with Carpets, Furniture and Wall Paper, the same for \$178.21.

CARPETS.
Parlor 13x12 with good 5 frame Body Brussels.....for \$15.00
Sitting Room 12x15 with good heavy Ingrain.....for 6.00
Hall 6x11 with good all Wool Tapestry Brussels.....for 5.00
Dining Room 9x12 with good Ingrain.....for 3.00
Bed Room 12x15 with better Ingrain.....for 7.00
Bed Room 9x12 with Mosaic Carpet, very heavy.....for 4.50
Kitchen 12x15 with good Oil Cloth.....for 5.00
\$45.50

FURNITURE.
Parlor with 1 elegant 7 piece Parlor Set worth \$80.00, in Plush.....for \$40.00
Sitting Room 1 Sofa, 1 Rocker, 1 Settee, 4 Cane Chairs.....for 33.00
Hall, 1 Good Hall Tree.....for 6.50
Bed Room, Elegant Ash Suite, former price \$40.00.....for 24.50
Bed Room, with an 8 piece Suite.....for 30.00
Dining Room, 1 Extension Table 6 ft. and 6 Oak Chairs.....for 7.40
Kitchen, 1 table and 4 Good Chairs.....for 3.75
\$115.15

WALL PAPERS.
We will agree to paper this entire house, consisting of Gilt in Hall with handsome Fringe, Parlor in English Paper, other rooms in good heavy paper.....for \$67.26
Carpets \$45.50, Furniture \$115.15, Wall Paper \$17.26—Complete \$178.21.
JAMES NALL & CO., 161, 163 & 165 JEFFERSON AVENUE, DETROIT.

WHO IS UNAQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP, THAT THE

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RY

By reason of its central position, close relation to principal lines East of Chicago and routes West, North and South, and its only true middle-link in that transcontinental system which invites and facilitates travel and traffic in either direction between the Atlantic and Pacific. The Rock Island line and branches include Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Centre, Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, St. Joseph, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Alton, Lehigh, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns and villages.

THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

Guarantees Speed, Comfort and Safety to those who travel over it. Its roadbed is thoroughly ballasted. Its track is of heavy steel. Its bridges are solid structures of stone and iron. Its rolling stock is perfect as human skill can make it. It has all the safety appliances that mechanical genius has invented and experience proved valuable. Its practical operation is conservative and methodical. Its discipline strict and exacting. The luxury of its passenger accommodations is unequalled in the West—unsurpassed in the world.

ALL EXPRESS TRAINS between

THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, MICH.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1887.

AN INVITATION from General Boulanger to Baron Mohrenheim, the Russian minister to France, to pay him a visit is causing considerable comment at Paris.

A PHILADELPHIA barber displays a sign which announces that he is "proprietor of facial decorating saloon, tonsorial artist, physiognomical hair-dresser, and facial operator, cranium manipulator, and capillary abridger."

EASTERN railroads are preparing for a large increase in freight traffic this fall, but even now it is admitted it is doubtful whether the increased equipment will be sufficient to take care of all the shipments it is anticipated will be offered.

The negotiations for a settlement of the cable war still hang fire. It is announced that the Commercial company has notified the other companies that if an advance is not made to 40 cents a word within a week it will make a cut to 12 cents.

The Order of American Firemen, which has just been organized at New York, has adopted a constitution which restricts the membership to white men. The color line was drawn, it is said, in order to meet the wishes of firemen from the "new south."

SOME one threw a head of cabbage at Ignatius Donnelly while he was making a speech once. He paused a second and said: "Gentlemen, I only asked for your ears; I don't care for your heads!" He was not bothered any more during the remainder of his speech.

A NEW cookery-book gives the information that originally "man ate nothing, but imbibed nutriment by the osmosis from the air." Upon this theory, the evolution of man has been attended with much inconvenience, and marked by descent from spirit to matter.

A SENSATION has been created at Boston by the desecration of graves underlying Boylston street by workmen of an electric light company, who are digging a trench. A number of bones and skulls have been exhumed, and some of them have been hung up on the fence of the Common.

PAYMASTER DANIEL N. BAKER, of the United States army, who was robbed of \$7,300 in Wyoming last March by a cowboy, has been suspended from duty. The investigation of the affair made by a court of inquiry is said to have revealed carelessness and negligence on the part of Major Bash.

GARDEN, Mich., had a narrow escape from total destruction by fire Wednesday. The wind, which had been blowing the flames from a doomed lively stable dangerously near a row of frame buildings, suddenly changed, and the calamity was averted. The fire was started, it is said, by incendiaries.

DURING the first half of 1887 the imports of American wheat into the United Kingdom were 73.5 per cent of all imports of that cereal, against 60.8 per cent, in 1886, and 60.6 in 1885. American wheat sells in England 8 cents higher per bushel than East India product, and 5 cents higher than Russian wheat.

THE Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective association have just issued their annual compilation of the state laws regulating hunting and fishing, corrected to date. Besides the laws in details schedules are printed with the open seasons for all kinds of fish and game and penalties for catching and killing out of season.

IN SAN FRANCISCO, one night recently, two pugilists were engaged in a prize-fight when the chief of police entered the ring and stopped the exhibition. Then he demanded to see the gloves, and insisted that a round should be spared in order to assure him of its peaceful character, and, being satisfied, he withdrew and the fight went on.

SARAH BERNHARDT is said to have shocked her dear Paris by emphatically declaring, "I cannot play any more in Paris. You Parisians are too poor. I like butter on my bread. So I will have to return to America." Her pet tiger, which she is pleased to call an Algerian black cat, has been fined 100 francs for disturbing neighboring families.

PRINCE KRAPOTKINE, the Russian nihilist, has written a letter to M. Rochefort, reproaching the tributes paid by the French republicans to the memory of M. Katkoff. M. Rochefort refuses to print the letter, although he says that as a socialist he approves its contents. But as a Frenchman he reveres the memory of M. Katkoff, because M. Katkoff was a hater of Germany.

IT is a common thing for sailors on west-bound English steamers to find from ten or fifteen stowaways. The freight-handlers are great friends to the tramps who wish to make an inexpensive voyage. In vessels that bring over brick the loaders will build up a little room around two or three men, and in several cases from a dozen to two dozen men have thus been secured.

A MARRIAGE took place Monday, at 11:30 o'clock, by telegraph from Fort Supply to Fort Hill, Indian Territory, a distance of two hundred miles. The contracting parties were Mr. Clark Smith and Miss Emsey Nason; Joseph Fox, United States commissioner, officiating, and William Garvey and H. F. Ambrose witnessing. Everything went lovely, and a full ceremony was given by means of lightning.

AN OATH-BOUND labor organization, known as "The Brotherhood," is said to have gained a large membership in New England. It was founded in May, 1886, and its objects appear to be substantially the same as those of the Knights of Labor, except that its policy is opposed to strikes. The names of its officers, the location of its headquarters, and the extent of its ramifications are carefully-guarded secrets.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Latest Intelligence From all Parts of the World.

FIRE RECORD.

The Marblehead Lime Works, south of Quincy, Ill., were burned Saturday. Loss, \$30,000. All the property burned, with the exception of the depot and post office, was owned by the Chicago Lumber Company, of Chicago. Nearly covered by insurance.

The barn connected with the asylum for the insane at Mendota, near Madison, Wis., was destroyed by fire early Friday morning, and property valued at \$20,000 consumed. The inmates of the asylum, which caught on the roof, were frantic, and it was with difficulty they could be controlled.

Hanna, Ill., center of the great hay market, was almost destroyed by fire Wednesday. The flames started from a spark from a locomotive, and burned thousands of tons of hay, hay presses, and other implements. The fire was spreading over the town, when a heavy rain fell, extinguishing it. The damage is very great.

The Kansas City Box Factory was destroyed by fire Wednesday night with \$11,000 damages. James Strevant, a watchman, perished in the flames.

Root and Heidmann's flour-mill at Elgin, Ill., was entirely destroyed by fire Wednesday night; loss \$5,000.

The fire losses in the United States and Canada during July were \$21,026,500, which is double the average July losses for the last twelve years.

CASUALTIES.

At Montgomery, Ill., early Friday a Chicago, Burlington & Quincy main line freight dished into the end of a Fox River freight. An engine and a number of cars were wrecked, and four men wounded, two of whom are not expected to recover.

A passenger train ran off a bridge at Albany, Ga., Thursday night, all the cars being wrecked. Thirteen persons are reported wounded, but none killed.

Richard Eggleston, an 80-year-old farmer of Madison, Wis., was attacked and almost squeezed to death by a spotted deer Thursday. The reptile wound itself around its aged victim and repeatedly struck its fangs into the legs of his trousers, but his limbs being protected by boots, did not reach the flesh. Neighbors aided the deer.

Three men were killed and another fatally injured by the caving in of a shaft in the Ashland mine, near Hurley, Wis., Wednesday evening.

Near midnight Wednesday an excursion train of sixteen cars on the Toledo, Peoria & Western Road was wrecked near Chatsworth, Ill., a locomotive and ten cars falling through a trestle that had been burned by prairie fires. The cars were smashed to splinters, and the sleeping occupants mangled and maimed in a terrible manner. Latest reports place the number of dead at 84, while 115 persons were wounded, many of whom it is feared can not recover.

Members of the Third Regiment Band were penned in by a fire in the fourth story of a building at Concord, N. H., Tuesday night. Some jumped and others dropped from the window-sills to the street. The seven men were badly burned or otherwise injured.

A wall on the cathedral property in Central avenue, Cincinnati, collapsed Monday under pressure of a sand pile, crushing three persons who were passing at the time. Josie Corcoran was fatally hurt and B. W. Young and Fred Vessell seriously injured.

Four hundred acres of prairie have been burned near St. Joseph, Minn., and a number of farmers have lost all their grain and crops. The flames are spreading into the extensive forests in that region, and a general disaster is feared. The people are fighting the flames with but little success.

CRIMES AND CRIMINALS.

Friday afternoon at Austin, Texas, Mrs. Nellie McKendrick, lately of Chicago, fired five shots at her husband, inflicting, however, but slight wounds. In the police court she regretted her bad marksmanship.

Senator Riddleberger was fined and committed to jail at Woodstock, Va., Friday, for contempt of court. The affair has caused partisan feeling to run high, and trouble is feared.

Bliss & Tobin, the restaurateurs of Springfield, Ill., who refused to permit S. B. Turner, colored, editor of the State Capital, to eat in their place, were held to the Circuit Court Friday in \$300 bonds.

Charles Apfel, of New Orleans, La., shot his wife fatally, Friday, and killed himself. The couple had not lived happy together.

Fred Hopt, alias Welcome, was shot to death in the yard of the penitentiary, near Salt Lake City, for the murder of John F. Turner at Park City, seven years ago. He sat in a chair smoking a cigar while five of the sheriff's deputies discharged their rifles at him. Death was instantaneous.

In a quarrel over a law-suit at Owenton, Ky., J. M. Bourne shot and killed his nephew, James Bourne, Jr.

Alexander Walker, a colored prohibition advocate, was beaten by a mob at Prairie Grove, Texas, last week, and mangled by being thrown against a wire fence. He died Sunday, and his friends claim that saloon adherents murdered him.

The divorced wife of Peter William Thompson, of Fort Wayne, Ind., who secured her divorce Monday, visited her former home Tuesday to get her clothing. Thompson fired at her twice, inflicting a slight wound, and then blew out his own brains.

An effort was made to throw a train on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Road into the Iowa River, near Iowa City. Several spikes had been taken from the rails, but the engineer saw the danger in time to avert it.

INDUSTRIAL.

There will probably be a strike of all the Knights of Labor employed in the shoe factories in New York and Brooklyn in consequence of the strike that has been in existence against Hanke & Son for months.

and their employes in the Pennsylvania coke region by arbitration.

The lack of water power at Minneapolis, Minn., reduced the production of flour during the week. The week's product was 133,800 barrels, against 155,440 the previous week. In store at Minneapolis, 3,240,925 bushels; St. Paul, 145,000; Duluth, 1,899,612.

It is believed that if the season continues favorable, the cotton crop of South Carolina will be the largest on record. The rice, sugar-cane and other crops are also of a high average.

Fifty stonecutters at work on the new court-house at Findlay, O., struck for an advance of 25 cents per day. They were receiving \$3.25, and the contractor says he will fill the places of the strikers at those figures.

Men who held two jobs in iron mills at Youngstown, Ohio, have, under pressure of the Amalgamated Association, relinquished one of them, and the strike inaugurated over the matter is at an end.

WASHINGTON.

The president and Mrs. Cleveland will witness the procession of the veiled prophets and attend the prophets' ball in St. Louis the night of Oct. 4, and he will leave for Chicago as soon as possible thereafter, reaching Chicago on the 5th. He will go to Milwaukee on the 7th, and the next day will go to Madison, spending Sunday, the 9th, with the postmaster-general.

The Secretary of the Treasury has awarded contracts for furnishing general supplies for the Eleventh Life-saving District, which includes Michigan, Illinois, and Wisconsin, to the following firms: R. A. Robbins, F. Heyman, and S. A. Schoomaker, of New York; G. B. Carpenter, of Chicago; Detroit Stove Works, of Detroit; and H. G. Woods, of Muskegon.

The National Agricultural Department reports a falling off of 7 points in corn during the past month, owing to drought. Spring wheat is in low condition, and oats are slightly under the average, while barley promises an average yield. The loss in potatoes during the past thirty days is figured at 20 per cent. of the prospective crop, while the fruit and hay crops are very poor. The cotton average is good, and the tobacco plant is in high condition, except in Wisconsin.

The sum of \$5,462,000 in 4½ bonds was offered for redemption on Wednesday at the National Treasury. The Secretary accepted the offer of the Suffolk Bank, of Boston, for \$260,000 registered bonds at 110 flat. All the other proposals were rejected, as the rates were not considered favorable.

POLITICAL.

Judge Edward W. Pettus, of Alabama, is said to have been fixed upon by the President for the existing vacancy on the supreme bench.

A conference of leading republicans was held Tuesday night in Senator Mahone's residence at Petersburg, Pa., at which favorable reports of the condition of the party in the State were received.

Governor Foraker will formally open the Ohio Campaign of 1887 at Caldwell, Noble County, Sept. 7.

GENERAL.

An aged citizen of Mattoon, Ill., named John Goodpasture, attended the funeral of one of his friends Friday. At the gate of the cemetery the old man fell to the ground. Those with him ran to assist him, but he had joined his friend.

The White River Utes are on the war-path, and are in force under the old renegade Chief Colorow, at Meeker, Col., the scene of the great massacre. The whites are abandoning their ranches, and consternation prevails. In a brush between the Sheriff of Garfield County and the reds, occasioned by an attempt to arrest two indicted bucks, one Indian was shot. The Governor has been telegraphed to for assistance, and the attention of the War Department has been called to the outbreak.

The yacht race for the Boston Herald cup, sailed off Marblehead, was won by the Volunteer, beating the Puritan 5 minutes 3 seconds, the latter boat crossing the finish line 14 seconds ahead of the Atlantic.

A canvass of colored sentiment in the south on the school question reveals a strong preponderance in favor of separate schools, although the feeling is that the separation should always be made by mutual consent, and not by law, as proposed in Georgia.

Arrangements are being made at Springfield, Ill., for the reception of Grand Army men who will visit the tomb and home of Lincoln during the St. Louis encampment. Thursday, Sept. 29, will be "Springfield Day," upon which date the railroads are preparing to convey 20,000 from St. Louis to Springfield, and will give them six hours to visit the monument and other points of interest.

Carter, of the Manhattan Athletic Club, New York, met Coad at Stamford bridge in a four-mile running race. Carter, who was the favorite, led at the end of every mile. Coad was winded before he finished his third mile. Carter finished strong in 20 minutes, and 10-15 seconds. A high wind was blowing.

Monday at the Boston Theater there was a gathering of notable pugilists, the occasion being the presentation to John L. Sullivan of a golden belt inscribed "Champion of Champions." The house was jammed. Nearly all the noted prize-fighters of the country were present, as were also Mayor O'Brien and other city officials. Councilman Wall made the presentation speech.

Annie Watkins, a colored lady of Paducah, Ky., departed this life, to all appearances, last Saturday. All her neighbors, colored and white, congregated to follow the body to its last resting place. During the services Annie sat up in her coffin. Her colored friends flew in dismay. She took part in the emancipation celebration Monday.

Ludwig Schmitt, of Mansfield, O., who some time ago attempted to commit suicide by taking poison, shot himself through the head Monday.

John Sherman is up in Manitoba telling the natives that his chances for the presidency are all. He will extend his journey to the Pacific coast.

William Bull, ex-mayor and a leading merchant at Burlington, Iowa, died suddenly in that city Sunday night.

Elaborate preparations are making for the celebration at Philadelphia next September of the one hundredth anniversary of the signing of the constitution of the United States.

The amount of wheat in sight in this country was increased last week 558,247 bushels, and of oats 784,159 bushels. The stock of corn decreased 234,320 bushels. The official showing makes the visible supply of wheat at the present time 33,890,359 bushels, of corn 7,308,508 bushels, and of oats 2,868,797 bushels.

Two important business failures occurred in Chicago Monday. Baird & Dillon, silverware jobbers at Nos. 141 and 143 Wabash avenue, made an assignment, with liabilities of \$175,000 to \$200,000, and assets of \$40,000. The W. O. Tyler Paper company, at No. 169 Adams street, was closed on an execution. The debts aggregate about \$350,000, and the assets are estimated at the same figure.

Workmen are busily engaged at the National Museum packing exhibits to be shipped on Wednesday or Thursday to the Minneapolis Industrial Exposition, which opens on the 31st inst. The expense of preparing and shipment of the exhibits is borne by the management of the exposition, Congress having authorized the display of the articles provided no expense should fall upon the government.

Bids for the construction of the cruisers provided for by the last congress have been opened at the navy department. Proposals were made for all the vessels at prices well within the limits fixed by the law.

"Johnny" Reagan and "Tom" Henry had a prize fight on the Hudson river, fifty miles from New York, Monday. The fight was stopped by a mob in the thirty-eighth round and declared a draw.

Grass hogs are declining constantly at the Chicago stock-yards under large receipts, but corn-fed swine are steady. Cattle are as low as ever, under heavy supplies. Sheep are scarce and firmer.

The German Catholics of the United States are to erect a memorial-house in New York in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the pope's ordination to the priesthood. The building will be known as the Leo house, and will be used for German immigrants.

FOREIGN.

Prince Ferdinand's arrival on Bulgarian soil was heralded by the firing of salutes at all military posts. The prince has issued a manifesto in which he pledges himself to devote his life to the "happiness, greatness, and progress of a loving people."

The London Times construes Lord Salisbury's recent speech as an emphatic condemnation of the policy of tolerating the Irish National League.

An attempt was made by unknown persons to destroy with dynamite the building occupied by the ministry of the interior at Madrid. No damage was done.

Advices from Honolulu are to the effect that the new ministry is in complete control. Nominations have been made for Representatives and Nobles. F. H. Hay-eisen, son-in-law of ex-Premier Gibson, has been arrested for forgery.

The Marine Hospital Bureau is informed that small-pox and yellow fever are raging in Havana, Cuba. During the month of July there were 104 deaths from yellow fever and 112 from small-pox.

The sugar crop of Honolulu will not exceed 100,000 tons this year; for 1886, the crop was 108,000 tons.

The German and Austrian emperors slobbered over each other very profusely at Gastein the other day. Judging from the amount of emotion displayed, the touchiness, so to speak, of the parting scene and the demonstrative protestations of mutual affection between the two sovereigns a European war, with Austria and Germany on opposite sides, would seem to be imminent.

The French wheat crop will exceed that of last year by about five millions hectolitres. The harvest reports from Russia are favorable.

The British trade returns for July show an increase of £700,000 in exports and a decrease of £490,000 in imports as compared with July, 1886.

A party of nationalist excursionists from Belfast were mobbed by Orangemen, near that city, Sunday. Bottles and stones were freely used, and many heads were broken.

The remains of M. Katkoff, the Russian journalist, have been interred with imposing ceremonies in a monastery at Moscow.

The new Hawaiian government is investigating the peculiar transactions of the syndicate which placed the recent national loan in England. The contract with the syndicate allowed 5 per cent. commission and 2 per cent. for expenses, and it is claimed that the syndicate attempted to squeeze large sums out of the government for alleged expenses in addition to the amounts to which it was entitled under the contract.

THE MARKETS.

| CHICAGO. | |
|---------------|------|
| WHEAT—No. 1 | 4.30 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 | 4.25 |
| WHEAT—No. 3 | 4.20 |
| WHEAT—No. 4 | 4.15 |
| WHEAT—No. 5 | 4.10 |
| WHEAT—No. 6 | 4.05 |
| WHEAT—No. 7 | 4.00 |
| WHEAT—No. 8 | 3.95 |
| WHEAT—No. 9 | 3.90 |
| WHEAT—No. 10 | 3.85 |
| WHEAT—No. 11 | 3.80 |
| WHEAT—No. 12 | 3.75 |
| WHEAT—No. 13 | 3.70 |
| WHEAT—No. 14 | 3.65 |
| WHEAT—No. 15 | 3.60 |
| WHEAT—No. 16 | 3.55 |
| WHEAT—No. 17 | 3.50 |
| WHEAT—No. 18 | 3.45 |
| WHEAT—No. 19 | 3.40 |
| WHEAT—No. 20 | 3.35 |
| WHEAT—No. 21 | 3.30 |
| WHEAT—No. 22 | 3.25 |
| WHEAT—No. 23 | 3.20 |
| WHEAT—No. 24 | 3.15 |
| WHEAT—No. 25 | 3.10 |
| WHEAT—No. 26 | 3.05 |
| WHEAT—No. 27 | 3.00 |
| WHEAT—No. 28 | 2.95 |
| WHEAT—No. 29 | 2.90 |
| WHEAT—No. 30 | 2.85 |
| WHEAT—No. 31 | 2.80 |
| WHEAT—No. 32 | 2.75 |
| WHEAT—No. 33 | 2.70 |
| WHEAT—No. 34 | 2.65 |
| WHEAT—No. 35 | 2.60 |
| WHEAT—No. 36 | 2.55 |
| WHEAT—No. 37 | 2.50 |
| WHEAT—No. 38 | 2.45 |
| WHEAT—No. 39 | 2.40 |
| WHEAT—No. 40 | 2.35 |
| WHEAT—No. 41 | 2.30 |
| WHEAT—No. 42 | 2.25 |
| WHEAT—No. 43 | 2.20 |
| WHEAT—No. 44 | 2.15 |
| WHEAT—No. 45 | 2.10 |
| WHEAT—No. 46 | 2.05 |
| WHEAT—No. 47 | 2.00 |
| WHEAT—No. 48 | 1.95 |
| WHEAT—No. 49 | 1.90 |
| WHEAT—No. 50 | 1.85 |
| WHEAT—No. 51 | 1.80 |
| WHEAT—No. 52 | 1.75 |
| WHEAT—No. 53 | 1.70 |
| WHEAT—No. 54 | 1.65 |
| WHEAT—No. 55 | 1.60 |
| WHEAT—No. 56 | 1.55 |
| WHEAT—No. 57 | 1.50 |
| WHEAT—No. 58 | 1.45 |
| WHEAT—No. 59 | 1.40 |
| WHEAT—No. 60 | 1.35 |
| WHEAT—No. 61 | 1.30 |
| WHEAT—No. 62 | 1.25 |
| WHEAT—No. 63 | 1.20 |
| WHEAT—No. 64 | 1.15 |
| WHEAT—No. 65 | 1.10 |
| WHEAT—No. 66 | 1.05 |
| WHEAT—No. 67 | 1.00 |
| WHEAT—No. 68 | 0.95 |
| WHEAT—No. 69 | 0.90 |
| WHEAT—No. 70 | 0.85 |
| WHEAT—No. 71 | 0.80 |
| WHEAT—No. 72 | 0.75 |
| WHEAT—No. 73 | 0.70 |
| WHEAT—No. 74 | 0.65 |
| WHEAT—No. 75 | 0.60 |
| WHEAT—No. 76 | 0.55 |
| WHEAT—No. 77 | 0.50 |
| WHEAT—No. 78 | 0.45 |
| WHEAT—No. 79 | 0.40 |
| WHEAT—No. 80 | 0.35 |
| WHEAT—No. 81 | 0.30 |
| WHEAT—No. 82 | 0.25 |
| WHEAT—No. 83 | 0.20 |
| WHEAT—No. 84 | 0.15 |
| WHEAT—No. 85 | 0.10 |
| WHEAT—No. 86 | 0.05 |
| WHEAT—No. 87 | 0.00 |
| WHEAT—No. 88 | 0.00 |
| WHEAT—No. 89 | 0.00 |
| WHEAT—No. 90 | 0.00 |
| WHEAT—No. 91 | 0.00 |
| WHEAT—No. 92 | 0.00 |
| WHEAT—No. 93 | 0.00 |
| WHEAT—No. 94 | 0.00 |
| WHEAT—No. 95 | 0.00 |
| WHEAT—No. 96 | 0.00 |
| WHEAT—No. 97 | 0.00 |
| WHEAT—No. 98 | 0.00 |
| WHEAT—No. 99 | 0.00 |
| WHEAT—No. 100 | 0.00 |

BURNING FORESTS.

The Timbered districts of Michigan Ablaze And Fire Fies Raging In Wisconsin.

Sandusky, Mich., the County Seat of Sanilac County, in Ashes And Other Places Threatened.

A dispatch from Grand Rapids says: Forest fires are raging fearfully in the northern part of Kent county. At Sand Lake the fire got into the pine slashing and for some time came near devouring the village. Farm-houses and buildings adjacent to the fire were barely saved by heroic efforts. The woods and fields in every direction about Cedar Springs are on fire, and pretty much everybody is engaged in fighting the flames, trying to save farm property. Several residences were yesterday surrounded by fire, and only by great effort was the property saved. Fences and timber were burned valued at several thousands of dollars. Fanned by a brisk breeze the flames spread rapidly. If rain does not come soon there will be heavy losses. Crops are suffering terribly. Fire broke out in the pines near Grandville yesterday afternoon, and there is danger of the village burning up. Fires are also burning in the marshes near the city, and the smoke is thick all about.

A late dispatch from Grand Rapids says: Fires are still raging north and south of here. At Cedar Springs the fire is still raging and every man who can be had is working heroically. Sand Lake, which was in danger of burning yesterday, is out of danger to-night, although help is kept ready. Reports from the south, on the Lake Shore road, saying fires are raging in the woods badly, and at Grandville are still burning in the lowlands. From the north discouraging reports are received here to-night. At Crofton, four miles south of Kalkaska, flames destroyed a large number of farm buildings and fences. It was expected the village would go, and they called for aid from Kalkaska. At Alba, six miles north of Mancelona, the Alba Handle company loses fifty thousand broom handles and other manufactured stock. Loss, \$2,000. Around Kingsley two thousand cords of wood were burned this afternoon, and also miles of fences and many fields were burned badly, and the Grand Rapids and Indiana depot barely escaped being burned. Whipple's mill, near Walton, caught fire, but the fire was extinguished by the aid of workmen near by. Around Alton and west toward Cheboygan fires are burning large tracts of valuable pine and hardwood.

A Neilville Wis., dispatch says: Forest fires have broken out again in this vicinity and are causing considerable damage. On the East fork the logging camp of Charles Squires has been burned, including all the sleds and other camp outfit. The loss is quite heavy. Near the same place is a jam of thousands of logs, which are threatened. The fire is within a mile of the jam and the wind is blowing toward it. August Hasely, a farmer, living about seven miles east of here, lost 225 cords of wood.

Fire broke out yesterday on Wedge's creek, seven miles west of here, and is spreading rapidly. This is in the neighborhood of Hewittville, which was destroyed by fire just a year ago yesterday, when Hewitt's mills were swept away. Considerable apprehension is felt here, and city has been thoroughly wet down by the water-works. Everything is very dry, and if there is no rain within the next twenty-four hours greater damage than that inflicted last year may be expected. All day yesterday a heavy gale prevailed, which swept the flames and destroyed everything before it.

News has just been

I SHALL FIND REST.

A little further on—
There will be time—I shall find rest anon—
Thus do we say while eager youth invites
Young hope to try her wings in wanton flights,
And nimble fancy builds the soul a nest
On some far frag; but soon youth's flame is gone—
Burned lightly out—while we repeat the test
With smiling confidence—I shall find rest
A little further on.
A little further on—
I shall find rest; half-freely we avow
When noon beats on the dusty field and
Threats to unjoin our armour, and the glare
Throbs with the pulse of battle while life's best
Fles with the flitting stars; the frenzied brow
Pains for the laurel more than for the breast
Where Love soft nestling waits. Not now, not now,
With feverish breath we cry, I shall find rest
A little further on.

A little further on—
I shall find rest; half sad, at last, we say,
When sorrow's setting cloud blurs out the gleam
Of glory's torch, and to a vanished dream
Love's palace has been turned then, all depressed,
Despairing, sick at heart—we may not stay
Our weary feet so lonely then doth seem
This shadow-haunted world. We, so unblest,
Weep not to see the grave which waits its guest;
And feeling round our feet the cool, sweet clay,
We speak the fading world farewell, and say:
Not on this side—alas!—I shall find rest
A little further on.
—Robert Burns Wilson, in the Century Magazine.

MADOLINE'S FATE.

BY K. T.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"You have kept your promise," he said, rising painfully and moving towards her. "I pray Heaven I may be able to repay you for your kindness to me some day."

"Did you not expect me?" she asked, a little reproachful, lest he had not put full faith in her.

"Indeed, yes," he answered gravely. "If I tell the truth, I must confess I did think you would come back; but why you should I cannot understand, for one of whom you know nothing."

She laughed softly as she lifted the snowy *serviette* from the basket and offered him the cup of soup she had brought hot from the fire.

"Why does it seem wonderful?" she asked, glad to see how gratefully he emptied the cup. "Would you not have done as much for me?"

"That would be a different matter altogether. What man could see you in peril and not risk his life, if need be, to save you? But for myself, what claim have I on such compassion?"

"The same. Besides, do you not think it is a pleasure to be able to do something useful for one in trouble? I have wasted so many hours, so many days, doing nothing, helping nobody; now I feel that I am living for some good, and as long as I can help you, I shall be happier than when I had no care in the world."

Her words moved him strangely. She was close beside him, and looking at her with his deep gaze, he took her hand and touched it almost reverently with his lips.

It was a kiss of loyalty, of homage, such as he might have given his queen, and there was a courtliness in his bearing which was not lost upon Madoline.

"My good angel—My Maid of the Mill," he answered, the depth of his soul expressed in a few words; "you are to me like a pure fountain springing up from a scorched desert—a star shining out of a night full of bitter tempest. You have given me hope and strength. I feel now that it is worth fighting to live."

Madoline scarcely comprehended all he meant. She had befriended him in a time of need, and he was grateful. This was the one conclusion she drew from his manner, and she was content to have it so.

That her soft winning ways had roused any deeper emotion in his breast, did not occur to her; and yet when she had left him, some of the half-wondering tenderness—such as Margaret's voice had called to the heart of Faust, governed his thoughts, and he reflected that if men ever loved at first sight, it must be for the sake of such innocent purity as shone in the eyes of the girl who had lightened the dark prisoned hours from which he could not escape.

Madoline returned to the farm, without her mission being discovered, and although, for the rest of day, she was silent and pre-occupied, nobody suspected anything unusual had transpired to take her thoughts from her home, and she was left to dream, uninterrupted, over her secret.

It was not until late in the evening that she had any cause for immediate alarm.

In spite of the sunshine which had made the day so warm, the air grew chilly towards night, and a cheery fire burned in the large handsomely furnished sitting-room, inviting the inmates to gather round the hearth for a cosy chat.

Mr. Clyde, leaning back in his comfortable chair, was glancing over a newspaper, and near him, bent over some bright-colored embroidery, was his sister, Mrs. DeCourcy, who, since the loss of his young wife years ago, had taken upon herself the duties of a mother to Madoline.

Stern duties they were, too, and the girl had been brought up in such awe of Aunt Esther, that all sympathy between them seemed forbidden, that only a cold relationship reigned instead.

There was a piece of half-finished tapestry-work placed prominently on a table near Mrs. DeCourcy, but although Madoline knew it was put there for her, she let her gaze fall idly over the little pile of wool, and stood restlessly by the window, thinking of the bleak darkness outside, and the solitary prisoner up in the old mill.

"My dear, don't you think you would be better if you came over to the table, and occupied yourself with something? Surely it can't be so amusing to stand in that draught with nothing but a sigh with which to break the monotony. It is really

shocking to see you wasting your time so persistently."

Madoline gave a slight start, and a deeper shade flushed her cheeks, as she moved to her father's side.

"What is the matter, my pet? Has the day been too long for you?"

"No; but my thoughts had wandered away. I had almost forgotten where I was when Aunt Esther spoke just now."

"You must take a ride with me to-morrow morning," her father said, drawing her down onto a stool at his side, and keeping his arm around her. "A gallop across the country always puts you in spirits. By the way, have you read Lucien's letter?"

She shook her head. The name of her aunt's stepson awoke no pleasant memories in her mind, and in the glowing embers of the fire she still saw the pale sunken features of the stranger, who was suffering alone, where none could hear if he called out in the pain of death.

"I don't know whether your Lucien would feel flattered by such a show of indifference," Mrs. DeCourcy remarked with a touch of displeasure. "I believe his one reason for coming is because of you, Madoline—in fact, I may as well be candid with you," she added, without lifting her eyes from her work, "and let you know the truth. He is coming in the hope of winning you to be his wife."

Madoline looked up in a blank surprise; then after the first shock of astonishment had subsided, she burst into a low rippling laugh.

"How absurd!" she exclaimed, her eyes shining with amusement. "Did he really say that?"

"Is it so very surprising?" Mrs. DeCourcy asked testily. "I can not comprehend why you should consider his resolution in anyway ridiculous, unless, of course, you reflect that he is coming rather far out of his way, when there are so many from whom he might choose. A young man in his position does not need to beg for a wife."

"No, Madoline assented, trying to look grave; therefore he should not come to me."

"What do you mean?" Mrs. DeCourcy said, turning her eyes slowly on her wilful niece.

"Only if there were but one single man in the world, and that man were Lucien, I would not marry him."

Mrs. DeCourcy smiled scornfully.

"You are talking without reason, Madoline. You have not had sufficient experience to be able to judge your own feelings. Lucien is no saint, but you might find many men worse than he—few better."

"Your aunt is right," Mr. Clyde remarked, stroking Madoline's hair, as he laid his paper down on his knees. "Here's a case I have just been reading of a young scoundrel who has been forging his father's name to such an extent as to cause ruin to his entire family. He was tried, found guilty, and condemned to a felon's punishment; but somehow he managed to escape before the sentence could be carried out, and there is now a large reward offered for him. Strangely enough, it is in this direction he has been tracked, so I shall tell the men to keep a sharp look-out for all tramps, and if he's found lurking about he will not receive much mercy at my hands."

"Yet he has done us no harm," Madoline said after a silence. "And will not the loss of a son be greater than the loss of a fortune?"

"My dear child, have you not yet learned to distinguish between the laws of right and wrong? Has your education been so painfully neglected? You certainly seem to have formed some very strange ideas."

Madoline held her point, notwithstanding this reproof.

"It would be hard to convince me it is not an unnatural thing for a father to condemn his own son. He should be the first to forgive him."

"A man forfeits all right to forgiveness when he acts as Ronald Castleton has done. To him should be applied the word unnatural, not to the one who but justly repaid his villainy. I will go at once and set the men on the watch."

Madoline held his hand so that he could not rise.

But, dad, do you know all the story! Are you sure it is not a mistake? Are you certain Ronald Castleton is guilty? See what it says here," she added, as her glance fell upon the column he had been reading: "Prisoner, on being asked if he had anything to say, replied, 'Nothing; except that I hope yet to prove my innocence of the charge brought against me; and I regret that my blind judgment—your disbelief in my word, given in all truth and honor, enables the accused criminal to lawfully escape. Does that seem as if he uttered a lie?' she asked, looking up from the paper.

"Undoubtedly—beside his after conduct—the clever way in which he gave them the slip! But, there, I don't wish to pollute your mind with such a dark history. The fellow is a scoundrel, and if I had the chance of handing him over to justice, you should see the kind of pity I should show him."

"Not for the sake of the reward, dad?" she said her eyes strained wistfully on him.

"Goodness me, no! My only desire is to uphold justice. To my mind there is no treachery so black as the ingratitude that makes a son sin against his father. At to the reward, if any of my men were able to detect the prisoner the money would be theirs, and well earned it would be, too!"

Full of importance at the probability of being able to render some service to justice, he left his seat, and walked from the room, he went out to instruct and put his farm laborers on their guard.

Madoline sat for a long time on the stool by the large empty chair in front of the fire, the sharp, almost mechanical click of Mrs. DeCourcy's needle being the only sound that broke the stillness, the flickering fire flames picturing a sort of strange fancies in the red embers.

What if in searching for Ronald Castleton they should discover the stranger who lay wounded in the old mill!

"I dare say it is a mistake—I dare say he has not even made his escape to this part of the country," she thought, trying to set her fears at rest. "If they are going to make a search, it will be dangerous for my secret—very dangerous."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOR THE LADIES.

A Pretty Bather Nonplussed.

Says an Atlantic City letter: As I sat to-day in one of the many comfortable pavilions gratuitously provided for visitors, looking at the thousand different bathers—I noticed a young girl in bathing dress, with a fancy, grayish bathing Tam O'Shanter. About every three and a half seconds she would go into deep water and bashfully reach down as if feeling the bottom for shells. Her companion was a dudsy young fellow, with the promise of a light mustache. He did not seem to comprehend the situation, and seemed too modest to question his girl. She, however, continued to stoop down and apparently sound the bottom before going further out. The young man gazed and the girl blushed. It required little penetration to discover that the girl was sorely perplexed. She looked down the coast, then up the coast. She looked at the young man, her escort, and then screwing up her courage, deliberately walked ashore. The thiefish breakers had robbed her of both her circular elastic appendages and her stockings threatened, in consequence, to drop off. Here was a dilemma! No one of the bathers could supply the missing elastic, and there was no time to dilly-dally before miles of spectators. But the girl was equal to the emergency. As her sunburnt face took on a maiden blush, she quietly and modestly removed both stockings, held them in her hands, and then went into deep water. Her escort looked scared, but said nothing. As she came out of the surf, after her bath had been completed, holding in her hands the pair of black stockings, the spectators beheld a pair of well-turned ankles, limbs shapely, as white as the blooming cotton. The next day the lady bathed further up the coast and wore a brand-new pair of pretty elastics, while her bashful escort was conspicuous by his absence. While occasionally a female bather may be seen who discards stockings as unnecessary and unhand-some articles of apparel, the absence of foot covering never fails to create a sensation, particularly when the bather is of a trim, neat figure.

The Luxury of Table Linen.

"All the up-town people have their own ideas regarding their table linen," said a well-known dealer recently to a New York reporter. "Nearly all the foreign countries manufacture table linen, and there is some made in this country, but there is a marked difference between the Scotch-Irish, Dresden, German and French grades. The difference is not only in texture, but in pattern. The French cloth is most fashionable. It differs from the others in being of much lighter texture and more elaborate decoration. Almost all the cloths have large center-pieces. Two favorite patterns are the Pompeian and the Pais Medina. The center of the first is filled in with large square blocks and the border surrounding it is of triangles. The second is composed of medium-sized balls, around which are twined myrtle leaves. Another much-used pattern is the Caprice, which has a perfectly plain center and is surrounded by large flowers. One of the most expensive patterns is the Hironelles. This linen is most beautifully marked. The border is a design of rocks out of which are growing cat-tails, while in the center are small swallows. The birds are exquisitely wrought. The feathers on their wings are so true to nature as to stand out in a fluffy mass. The cost of a set of these, including a tablecloth and a dozen napkins, reaches \$100.

"In some instances the linen is embroidered, and this increases the price \$14 or \$15. A late craze is for cipher monograms, and nearly all the linen sent out is embroidered that way. Some of the larger families still stick to monograms, while others of the elder stock insist upon having their coat-of-arms embroidered thereon. The best French tablecloths and napkins are nearly all woven at Siere, in France. The work is done entirely by hand. The flax from which the linens are woven come mostly from the neighborhood of Central in Flanders, where a fine variety is raised. It is so long and slender as to require support while growing."

Domestic Service in England.

We had a most genial landlady, says a London letter, whose own personality formed no small portion of our enjoyment, and while she regarded us with the tinge of respect and deference always shown by tradespeople in England to those they consider their superiors, or people of leisure, she was nothing loath to chat with us of an evening or at 5 o'clock tea time about the people of the place, old times there in her own young days, and the historical importance of the quaint and verdant neighborhood through which the river Wey flowed, dreamily leading into the waters of the Thames. Mrs. K. had been ladies' maid in those young days which bore so much quoting, in one of the great houses of the neighborhood, and "her young ladies," as she called a very elderly spinster, came often to a middle-aged widow, came often to a wool shop, being received with the most respectful courtesies, their old-fashioned, roomy carriage, with servants in green and buff liveries, making an effective center in the middle of the street, while the ladies lingered for a little chat with their former Abigail, and wools were watched, needles fitted, and suggestions made, Mrs. K. and her very pretty young niece hovering about these elderly relics of the good woman's youthful days with an adoring sort of delight and respectful attention, which is only seen among English servants of the better class, and which shows how admirable the system of domestic service in England can be and how harmonious in its result.

Memory Canes.

One of the latest fads affected by Albany young ladies is a craze for "memory" canes. The young lady's attendant, whilom or constant, as the case may be, is expected to furnish the necessary ducats for the purchase of some pretty but rather light and ornamental gentleman's walking-stick, something to suit the whim of the fair one, and the process thereafter has much in common to the one simulated by femininity to secure bangles for a

bangle bracelet, after the latter is already her own. Each of her male acquaintances, or as many as she cares to ask, are requested to lay out a trifling sum for the purchase of half a yard of narrow ribbon—about half an inch in width—of his favorite shade, and these are tied in fanciful bows and pretty color combinations on different sections of the cane, and the whole hung on the parlor wall, producing in many instances a very pretty effect. The object of the belle is to secure no two ribbons of like shade, and train her memory by association's laws to rattle off the name of the ribbon donor by a quick glance at the color of the particular streamer a friend may inquire about. Hence the pretty ornament's name—the "memory" cane.—*Albany Express.*

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Concerning the articles recently published about the failing health of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the following note from her own hand can not but be of interest. The handwriting is firm and regular:

"I was 76 on my last birthday, and have all my bodily powers perfect; can walk from three to seven miles per day without undue fatigue; have a healthy appetite, and quiet sleep every night. In view of all these items, I scarcely think that I am a subject for lamentation. I do not lament over myself."

"It is true that I do not intend to write any more for the public. I always thought that authors should stop in good time, before readers stop reading, and I think I may say I have done my part, and ought to leave the stage to younger authors."

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Fashion Notes.

The favorite reticule is the Marguerite pocket.

The fan of seven sticks is the fancy of the moment.

Lovely tinted ribbons trim dressy morning camisoles.

The frock of white pique is again in favor for little girls.

There is a tendency in Paris toward hats with low crowns.

Dotted fabrics are as fashionable as plaided or barred stuffs.

The latest shade of blue-green takes the name of wave blue.

The neck is dressed as high as ever in spite of the hot weather.

The Norfolk is the favorite jacket for little girls as well as little boys.

Rows of white Chantilly and Valenciennes lace are worn by French women this summer.

Mitts of silk take precedence of gloves on all except very dressy occasions at the moment.

Pin head dotted white muslins are revived for young girls' wear. They are worn over colored slips or white ones at pleasure.

Some exquisite camisoles or morning saques for house wear are made of embroidered muslin in "all over" designs, with borders to match.

As long as the Princess of Wales is the leader of fashion on the other side of the water we will have high and close neck and throat dressing.

China craze shoulder scarfs and small white and tinted shawls, with deep netted fringes, are the favorite piqua wraps at watering places.

The prettiest summer bonnets and hats are of straw, trimmed with white mill, white laces, white flowers, white ostrich tips, white aigrets, and white birds.

A fiery fancy in the way of a red frock is of scarlet batiste, dotted with black and trimmed with black velvet bows and cascades of black lace; the hat parasol and shoes to match.

Costumes of white cloth with embroideries of white silk and silver, and costumes of silver gray cloth with steel embroidery and gray pearls, come among the latest importations from Paris.

The prettiest summer parasols are of cream colored satine, with a white Spanish lace cover overhanging the canopy, the handles of the parasol being of white wood decorated with scorched designs.

Home dressing saques for the breakfast table and morning hours are of white French lawn, and come in improved shapes, and they are as frequently trimmed with tucks and hems only as with lace and embroidery.

For domestic wear around the house are pretty dressing saques and blouse waists of speckled, dotted, striped, and sprigged linen lawns and percales, intended for wear with colored wool or cotton skirts. The collars and cuffs of these garments are scalloped and buttonhole attached with colored cotton red, blue, pink or lilac, to match the dots or lines or figures on the lawn or percale of the waists.

The latest fancy in hair dressing is the coiffure a la vrai Greque, not high on the head, but drawn up in a close coil, rolled under something like a French twist on the back of the head, brushed off the temples and forehead, with only a few light curly tresses falling from under a riviere of jewels or a Greek fillet that just touches the top of the forehead and describes a straight line to the back of the head. The whole effect is very close, and no additional hair is required.—*New York Sun.*

Novelties in Jewelry.

The favorite flower designs are now used in belt buckles.

Toilet articles of oxidized silver in heraldic designs are much used.

A new ornament for the hair is a large oxidized silver ball set in an amber pin.

Silver match-boxes are ornamented with gorgeously-colored imitations of fishing "flies."

Necklaces of silver beads are becoming fashionable. They have much the effect of pearls.

A silver anchor entwined with small flowers in enamel of natural colors, is the newest idea in lace pins.

Cylindrical porte bonheur bracelets are ornamented with a four-leaf clover in green enamel with a diamond stem.

The tiger-eye is a stone which is much used in men's jewelry. An owl carved from this stone is a favorite watch charm.

TALMAGE.

Christian Principles Involved in Life and Fire Insurance.

The Responsibility Resting Upon the Great Companies—Mans Duty to His Family.

Let him appoint officers over the land and take up the fifth part of the land of Egypt in the seven plenteous years.—*(Genesis xii 34.)*

These were the words of Joseph, the President of the first life insurance company that the world ever saw. Pharaoh had a dream that distracted him. He thought he stood on the bank of the river Nile, and saw coming up out of the river, seven fat, sleek, glossy cows, and they began to browse in the thick grass. Nothing frightful about that. But after them, coming out of the same river, he saw seven cows that were gaunt and starved, and the worst looking cows that had ever been seen in the land, and in the ferocity of hunger they devoured their seven fat predecessors. Pharaoh, the king, sent for Joseph to decipher these midnight hieroglyphics. Joseph made short work of it, and intimated the seven fat cows that came out of the river are seven years with plenty to eat, the seven emaciated cows that followed them are seven years with nothing to eat.

"Now," said Joseph, "let us take one-fifth of the corn crop of the seven prosperous years, and keep it as a provision for the seven years in which there shall be no corn crop."

The king took the counsel and appointed Joseph, because of his integrity and public spiritedness, as the president of the undertaking. The farmers paid one-fifth of their income as a premium. In all the towns and cities of the land there were branch houses. This great Egyptian life insurance company had millions of dollars as assets. After awhile the dark days came and the whole nation would have starved if it had not been for the provision they had made for the future. But now these suffering families had nothing to do but go up and collect the amount of their life policies. The Bible puts it in one short phrase:

"In all the land of Egypt there was bread."

I say this was the first life insurance company. It was divinely organized. It had in it all the advantages of the "whole life plan," of the "fontine plan," of the "reserved endowment plan," and all the other good plans. We are told that the Rev. Dr. Abhate, of Lincolnshire, England, originated the first life insurance company in 1698. No! It is as old as the corn-cribs of Egypt, and God himself was the author and originator. If that were not so I would not take your time and mine in Sabbath discussion of this subject. I feel that it is a theme vital, religious and of infinite import, the morals of life and fire insurance.

About ten or twelve years ago there was a great panic in life insurance, which did good. Under the storm the untrustworthy and bogus institutions were scattered, while the genuine were tested and firmly established, and where does the life insurance institution stand to-day? What amount of comfort, of education, of moral and spiritual advantage is represented in the simple statistic that in this country the life insurance companies in one year paid \$7,000,000 to the families of the bereft; and are promising to pay—\$2,000,000,000 to the families of the bereft!

Set thy house in order, for thou shalt die and not live.

That injunction in our day would mean:

"Make your will; settle up your accounts; make things plain; don't deceive your heirs with rolls of worthless mining stock; don't deceive them with deeds for Western lands that will never yield any crop but chills and fevers; don't leave for them notes that have been outlawed, and second mortgages on property that will not pay the first."

Oh man, before forty-eight hours have passed away, appear at the desk of some of our great life insurance companies, have the stethoscope of the physician put to your heart and lungs, and by the seal of some honest company decree that your children shall not be subjected to the humiliation of financial struggle in the days of your demise.

But I must ask the men engaged in life insurance business whether they feel the importance of their trust, and charge them, I must, that they need divine grace to help them in their work. In this day, when there are so many rivalries in your line of business, you will be tempted to overstate the amount of asset and the extent of the surplus, and you will be tempted to abuse the franchise of the company and make up the deficit of one year by adding some of the receipts of another year; and you will be tempted to send out mean, anonymous circulars derogatory to other companies, forgetful of the fact that anonymous communication means only two things, the cowardice of the author, and the inefficiency of the police in following such a thing to be dated anywhere save inside of a penitentiary. Under the mighty pressure many have gone down, and you will follow them if you have too much confidence in yourself, and do not appeal to the Lord for positive help.

But if any of you belong to that miscerant class of people who, without any financial ability, organize themselves into what they call a life insurance company, with a pretended capital of \$200,000 or \$300,000, then vote yourself into the lucrative position, and then take all the premiums for yourself, and then, at the approach of the State Superintendent, drop all into the hands of those life insurance undertakers whose business it is to gather up the remains of defunct organizations and bury them in their own vault—then, I say, you had better get out of the business, and disgorge the widows' houses you have swallowed.

But my word to all those who are legitimately engaged in the business: You ought to be better than other men, not only because of the responsibilities that rest upon you, but because the truth is ever confronting you that your stay on earth is uncertain, and your life a matter of a few days or years. Do not those black edged letters that come into your office make you think? Does not the doctor's certificate on the death claim give you a

The Hula-Hula Dance.

I was invited by a native chief, whose acquaintance I had formed, to go with him to witness a real hula-hula, a genuine dance of the good old time. Ten girls fantastically dressed with scarfs bound round their waists and crowned with garlands of flowers and with wreaths of garlands around their wrists and ankles, made their way with slow and graceful movements to the edge of the stage, on which they sunk just as the music ceased. Some of these girls were beautiful and had softly moulded limbs and figures of extreme grace. At a tap of the drum they raised themselves to their knees and commenced a wild song, to which they at first beat time with the clapping of their hands. Gradually this changed into the most expressive pantomime.

The sticks and drums took up the measure; arms, hands, and even fingers spoke a torrent of words with a precision that the best-drilled ballet troupe could never attain. The body swayed back and forward, the slightest motion to the right or left by one being repeated by all. Something snakelike and repulsive, anon seductive and pleasing, until finally a wild tossing of the arms, followed by a low wail, proclaimed the end of the story, to the evident discomfiture of the maiden and the triumph of the lover. During the interval required for a rest a very intricate performance was gone through by four men and four women, who sat opposite and close to one another. Each had a bamboo about two feet long, and split at the end into strips. When struck together they make a most peculiar sound, which formed the accompaniment to the song.

A distinct rhythm was kept up all the time by the bamboos, and as their sound began to get somewhat monotonous loud cries were raised for the "hula." The dancers now formed a circle. Each held a small calabash ornamented with feathers, and with seeds inside, so that it could be used as a tambourine or rattle. Slowly the ring began to circle round, hands and feet keeping time in a majestic formal fashion. Soon they quicken their steps, and the sharp rattle keeps up a running fire, with now and then a big boom from the big drum. The circle widens, and just as with wild grace the dancers reach the inner row of spectators the music ceases, and they throw themselves down on the ground, leaving two of their number standing in the center. After a pause the music and singing begin again, and they become more and more rapid, until the dancing of the pair become more intoxicating and abandoned. Others join them, each pair working out the old story of coquetry, jealousy, and the final surrender of the maiden according to their own taste and ideas. Soft swaying movements, and a gentle turning away, timid glances and startled gestures gradually give place to more rapturous passions. The excitement reaches its height, the hands are fresh and more rapid, until the exhausted nature can stand no more and they drop fainting on their cushions.—*Honolulu Letter.*

A Wonderful Beard.

Says a letter to the *Globe-Democrat* from Corinth, Miss.: "There lives at this place a characteristic man, personally and historically. Philip Hensen is a person of imposing presence and appearance. He is a farmer of wide means, but more progressive and wide awake than is usual with his class. He is about 60 years of age, 6 feet 2 inches tall, as straight as an Indian, and, standing erect, his beard reaches the ground. It is the growth of eleven years, and is still growing. It is unquestionably the longest beard ever seen in any age of the world.

His war history is as romantic as his person is unusual. A southerner by birth he espoused the union cause, and early in the war was sworn into the secret service by Gen. Rosecrans, but soon afterward was transferred to Gen. Dodge, under whom he served until the end of the war, visiting the armies of Bragg, Johnston and Forrest, as ordered by General Dodge. On one occasion, while returning from Gen. Sherman's army at Meridian, he was captured by Forrest's cavalry, and was held as a spy for six months in the most rigorous confinement. During his confinement, his home and all his goods were burned by the confederates and his wife and child detained in the guard-house for six weeks. After spending all his money in an effort to defend himself, he was started under a heavy guard to the Libby prison at Richmond. On the way, he managed to effect his escape, and reached the federal lines. Gen. Logan, however, doubted his statement, and ordered his arrest, but sent him to Gen. Dodge's headquarters for identification.

Mr. Hensen has had seductive offers from the show people for the exhibition of his wonderful beard, but he has resisted all the temptations set before him. He fully intends to visit the Grand Army encampment at St. Louis where he hopes to meet Gen. Dodge and Hatch, Col. Trousdale, and other old soldiers with whom he served.

Enormous Consumption of Beer.

In the saloons of New York the sales of beer during the hot weather run from ten kegs to over 100 per day. It is not every saloon that can climb anywhere near the 100-kegs point, and not all to ten kegs, although some do not use that much.

Perhaps it might be fair to strike an average at ten kegs a day all round, although that might be high. This would give us close on 100,000 kegs a day. Now in the ordinary keg there are from 120 to 150 ordinary glasses. In this saloon there are almost as many "ponies" as glasses called for, but then again there are places where "schooners" are the rule.

But, calculating on the smaller figures of 120 glasses to the keg and ten kegs per day to each saloon, and we should have about 12,000,000 glasses of beer that are sold every day in New York. Those are pretty stiff figures, are they not? Mind, I don't say all this beer is sold by the glass. It may go over the bar in cans or pitchers to be drunk from glasses afterwards. But I have figured on a fair glass basis. Besides beer is not the only liquor drunk in New York just now.—*New York Sun.*

Ah! the lines show, Mr. Blank," remarked the fair palmist at the church social the other evening, "that you are a slave to the fair sex." Mr. Blank, with his domestic memories—"Humph, the ten or my house-gan showing that ten years ago."—*Elmira Gazette.*

A poet writes: "I know sweet songs I cannot sing." That poet was our gratitude.—*Somerville Journal.*

The Ypsilantian.

The Belleville Campmeeting.

Violation of Contract Causes the Association to Take Earnest Measures.

The campmeeting of the Detroit District of the Methodist church, at Belleville, closed on Monday. The attendance through last week was better than at any previous meeting on that ground, and with more cottages it would have been still larger. All of the cottages were occupied, and some new ones built. The Sunday attendance was less than in former years, owing to the rain, but the troublesome element did not stay away.

Some unpleasantness was caused by disregard of the terms of the contract on which the ground is leased by the campmeeting association. The conditions prohibit the sale of tobacco on the ground, and all huckstering on Sunday. There was complaint two years ago that Mr. Ingersoll, who has possession of the property by lease of the farm and thus succeeds to the rights and obligations prescribed in the original lease of the campground, violated those conditions; and his promise was then required and given that such violations should not continue, as the condition on which the ground would be occupied this year. That promise was entirely disregarded, and a stand was kept running upon the ground last Sunday, at which pop, peanuts, melons, tobacco, etc., were freely sold; and just outside the gate, in the lane leading to the grounds, cigars and tobacco were sold, and the entrance was blocked by a crowd of smoking and disagreeable people, to the great scandal of the worshippers. All of that selling was in violation of the law of the state as well as of the written and verbal agreements under which the ground was occupied.

Public attention was called to it by Presiding Elder McDowd, Mr. Springer, and others, on Sunday, and it was denounced as an invasion of the rights of the worshippers and a violation of contract for which the association was not responsible and to which they would not submit. On Monday a business meeting was held, and resolutions adopted reciting the grievance and declaring the contract broken by Mr. Ingersoll's conduct, and therefore void; that the association could not be a willing party to such violation of law and desecration of the Sabbath, and that they would therefore require of Mr. Ingersoll a written agreement to refrain from the sale of everything on the campground on Sunday except meals and lunches in the boarding house, with a bond of \$200 for its faithful observance; and that in case of his refusal the association would hold no more meetings there, and as individuals they would refuse to attend any meeting that might be held there. The Presiding Elder was requested to select three ministers and two laymen, who should form a committee with himself as chairman, to select a site for a district campground and report to the trustees at their next meeting. If necessary to secure freedom from such annoyance, the association will buy or lease ground elsewhere, and Mr. Ingersoll will find himself in the position of the greedy individual who killed the fowl that laid the auriferous egg.

A Great Military Event.

Chicago is to have an inter-national encampment and prize drill, Oct. 1 to 20, on a scale unexampled in this country. Prizes amounting to \$42,200 are offered in sixteen classes—for battalion, company and individual contests in the various arms, bands, etc. United States troops and marines will be present, and a general officer of the army will be in command. Invitations to the foreign governments of the world are extended, and the attendance of several foreign companies is already promised. Prizes range as high as \$5,500. Here is a chance for the Michigan troops.

Saline.

The Saline Arbeiter Society hold a picnic at Bassett's grove the 24th. The Presbyterian S. S. gave an excursion to Detroit yesterday. The M. E. S. S. give a picnic at Bassett's grove to-morrow. The I. O. G. T. Lodge disbanded and the amount in the treasury invested in ice cream. Several took in the game of ball at the Ridge the 13th. It was decided by a large majority the other day (on the streets in Saline) that any body who would go fishing would tell the biggest lie. Fannie Sanford of Hamilton, N. Y., is visiting her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Sanford, on Henry street. Ed Reckman is home from Dakota. Born to Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Fowler on the 13th a girl baby. A. M. Clark has gone to Ypsilanti to try the mineral water. Bert Ward of Clinton is visiting Bert Gillen. Sam and Peter Weinert and their sisters Mrs. R. W. Mills and Mrs. John Smith were called to Peoria, Ill., to attend the funeral of their brother who was killed in the railroad accident.

Pittsfield.

Misses Eloise and Ida Crittenden are spending the week in Chautauqua. Having finished the prescribed course of reading they are members of the Chautauqua graduating class of the present year. Mr. Pomeroy and family of Cleveland spent Sunday as the guests of Mr. F. D. Rathfon. Deacon Canfield has returned from New York. The literary society on Independent street held a social last Friday evening. The Pittsfield Union Sunday School holds a picnic next week. Report says F. D. Rathfon will remove to the city soon. Max Robbins is spending a few weeks in Detroit. Frank Morgan and family of Howell spent part of last week with his mother.

Harvest Excursions.

The Great Rock Island Route (C. R. I. & P. Ry.) will sell Aug. 30, Sept. 20 and Oct. 11, Harvest Excursion tickets at ONE FARE THE ROUND TRIP to principal points in Kansas, Nebraska, Northwestern Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota—limit 30 days from date of sale. For tickets or further information address E. A. HOLBROOK, Gen. Ticket and Passenger Agt., Chicago, Ill.

"AT EARLY CANDLE-LIGHT."

ROBERT MCINTYRE.

When the circuit-keeper spake it, the good old hearty phrase
Grew fragrant with the odor of the old heroic days,
For my heart was warm within me, down my weary face a tear
Slowly glistened, as I listened to the gray-haired pioneer.
But my happiness went from me when he sent a text to cite
That said the heavenly city has no early candle-light.

I know the morn is lovely, when the whimsy wreaths of cloud
Lie light and fleecy furrows, with a share of silver plowed;
And the early wind low kneeling, on the prairie hearth so cold,
Dull red ovals of dawn are blowing into flames of ruddy gold,
And people of right are sweeping through the leaky dyke of night,
But 'tis not so hushed and holy as the early candle-light.

Sweet the hour of noon in summer, when through the lattice blow
The ruffled winds that clamber where the cool elements grow;
And the wheat across the uplands takes the sun upon its spears,
And the drowsy cattle wading browse the buds in filled meads,
And the hawk his blue gyres sweeping up the sky of lazulite,
But my soul cannot solace like the early candle-light.

I sit and picture eve in Eden, when not a leaf does stir,
And every song grows silent, hushed each harp and dulcimer;
When through the quiet twilight, down a path of paradise,
To the gate comes bonny baby Katie, with welcome in her eyes,
And, on the paneled pearl, lifts the latch of Jasper bright,
As she used to do, and leads me through at early candle-light.

SHE LOVED MUCH.

MARIA U. DRAKE.

When I am dead,
And friends speak low, and come with quiet tread,
To look their last upon a still, sad face
That now hath found a grace—
Death's sweet release
O'er spreading it with calm of perfect peace—
And this at last they see,
What will they say of me?

They can not say:
"She made such light and sunshine round our way."
We meet great loss; we can not bear the days
Slow turning on; in their accustomed ways,
Where there is no sweetness left,
Since of her presence glad we are bereft.
No, no; it can not be,
They will say thus of me.

They can not say:
"Such gifts were hers, the world will pause to-day."
To utter words of praise—sweet tribute due
To one so blessed—and, bravely true,
So worthy of her trust:
Sleep, loved, beloved, the great world will be just.
I know it can not be,
They will say thus of me.

Alas! they can not say:
"She was so good, so pure in heart alway."
Her holy life was our true guiding star;
We can not see God's mercy—angels are so plentiful up there;
We had but one, and that they could not spare.
Alas! it can not be,
They will say thus of me.

Dear friend, I make one claim,
"What heart anointing and all the blame
Of this poor life, remembering the grief,
The potential love—God's sweet relief—
Say, as he said of such:
"She is forgiven all; she loved much."
And this is all; and it shall be
Ye can say thus of me.

THE OLD HOME.

It sleeps beneath the sunny hill
As in a tranquil dream;
The giant elms are spreading still
Above the meadow stream.
Wild birds that join in music sweet
And quiet sleep and cows
Find grateful shelter from the heat
Beneath those lofty boughs.
All day among the scented grass
The crickets leap and sing
And green and golden shadows pass
Like swallows on the wing.
How calmly in the sheltered nook
The summer hours may go,
Yet bright and joyous as the brook
That sings with deepening flow!

O world, with all thy cities' pride,
Thy plains and valleys green,
Thou hast not in thy bound'ries wide
So sweet, so fair a scene!

MY OWN SHALL COME.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

Serene I hold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I have no more "greatest time nor fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.
I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avail this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
Nor wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.
What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And gather up its fruits and tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs on yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.
The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

DISILLUSION.

BY MARY W. PLUMMER.

MORNING.
Come, sweet, the world is wide; so, hand in hand,
Let us fare forth to win our victories.
Thou shalt be queen of beauty and of love,
As in the old, bright days of tournament;
And I will wear thy colors in my heart,
And on my brow the seal invisible
Of thy true kiss; so shall before me fall
All shapes of evil that infect the light.
Then, when the lousies are ended and the games,
Thou shalt sit proudly upright in thy place,
And while the world is wondering, all agaze,
Lo! at thy feet thy garlands shall be laid;
For half my strength is thine, being come
From thee,
And that sweet faith that armors me anew.

EVENING.

The days are short'ning,—wilt forgive me, heart,
For the long turmoil I have led thee through
And to no end? I meant it otherwise,
But one right arm is weak against the world.
Here on thy shoulder let me rest my head,
My weary head that aches from life's long din;
And in thy comforting let me forget
The disappointment and the hidden foe,
And all that made my days a vulgar strife,
O'erbalanced, unimpeded, uncrowned.
My strength is weak beside thy steadfastness,
And there take refuge. If thou cherish it,
Then to have failed, and yet to win thy smile,
Ah, love, is victory beyond desert!

NOT AS I WILL.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

Blindfolded and alone I stand,
With unknown thresholds on each hand;
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope.
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burden are lifted or are laid
By some great law unseen and still
Unfathomed purpose to fulfill,
"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait;
Less seems too bitter, gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load,
And too few helpers on the road;
And joy is weak and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long!
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By chancelous law are ordered still,
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will!" the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat;
"Not as I will!" the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought
eternals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness
"Not as I will!" because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all His love fulfill—
"Not as I will!"

The Trouble With Old Virginia.

Gen. Imboden, the noted Confederate leader, is in the employ of the treasury department as an expert on the subject of the natural resources and transportation in Virginia. He has just completed an exhaustive report on the manufactures and trade of the Old Dominion. Randolph Tucker, after reading Gen. Imboden's report, told a story which, he said, explained why Virginia had not "made more progress in business."

"One day in the house," said he, "Bragg of Wisconsin told me the secret of our backwardness. He said that in war time he was marching toward Culpepper, and on the road met an old clergyman. The poor fellow was ragged, unshaven, and terrible seedy. Bragg stopped him and asked how far it was to Culpepper."

"Two miles, sir," said the minister.

"Well," said Bragg, "is it much of a town?"

"No; it is not a very big town," replied the clergyman; and then, with a brightening of the eyes and a proud stiffening of his long, thin frame, he added, "But, sir, Gen. Washington once had his headquarters there."

That, to Mr. Tucker's mind, shows why Virginia does not go ahead. She clings too closely to traditions and memories of the past.—N. Y. Sun.

Queen Victoria Not Popular.

The queen is not popular. Very few people know anything about her. I do not believe that 15 per cent. of the people of London have ever seen her. She lives such a retired life that she is rarely taken into consideration in connection with public questions. She appears to have very little sympathy with English people and to be as foreign at heart as if she had always lived on the continent. This is shown whenever she goes over to the continent for a change. She is quite another person when she is over there. The French people are filled with glowing accounts of her popularity at Aix-les-Bains. When she is on the continent she goes out and mixes with people and shows herself everywhere on all public occasions. But in England she shuts herself up like a recluse and only with great difficulty can be persuaded to spend two or three weeks in London during the year.—London Cor. New York World.

Buttermilk as a Drink.

A great physician once said that if every one knew the value of buttermilk as a drink it would be more freely partaken of by persons who drink so excessively of other beverages, and further compared its effects upon the system, to the cleaning out of a cook stove that has been clogged up with ashes that have sifted through, filling every crevice and crack, saying that the human system is like the stove, and collects and gathers refuse matter that can in no way be exterminated from the system so effectually as by drinking buttermilk. It is also a remedy for indigestion, soothes and quiets the nerves, and is very somnolent to those who are troubled with sleeplessness. Its medicinal qualities cannot be overrated, and it should be freely used by all who can get it. Every one who values good health should drink buttermilk every day in warm weather and let tea, coffee and water alone. For the benefit of those who are not already aware of it, I may add that in the churning of it, the first process of digestion is gone through, making it one of the easiest and quickest of all things to digest. It makes gastric juice, and contains properties that readily assimilate with it, with very little wear upon the digestive organs.—Hall's Journal of Health.

The Pope's Four Tiaras.

The pope's tiara, or tiaras—there are no less than four of them—are among the most interesting of the crowns of more recent date. The triple crown is worn by the pope only on extraordinary occasions. Ordinarily he wears a common bishop's miter. The tiara was originally a plain pointed cap, but Pope Harmsidas added a crown in the year 523, Boniface VIII another at the beginning of the fourteenth century, and John XXII the third, a score of years later. The three together represent the ecclesiastical, civil and judicial supremacy of Rome. A mound and a cross of gold surmount the triple crowns. The handsomest of the four at the Vatican is the one presented by Napoleon to Pope Pius VII in 1805. Its three golden rings are studded with precious stones. At the apex is an emerald said to be worth alone 16,000 francs. The value of the whole crown is estimated at fully 200,000 francs.—New York Mail and Express.

The Conductor's Reply.

The train hands on the Boston and Maine, when a train is entering the Boston depot, call, "Boston; this train goes no further." This is a thoughtful provision that prevents passengers being carried by Boston. That it is not uncalled for is shown by an incident that happened the other day, when an elderly traveler asked of the conductor, in apparent good faith: "Does this train stop at Boston?" The conductor said it did when they had passengers for that station.—Boston Transcript.

The New York Climate.

Editor (to assistant)—I want a couple of editorials on the weather—one bewailing its inclemency, and the other a rhapsody on ethereal mildness.
Assistant—For to-day's paper?
Editor—Yes; we'll wait until it's time to go to press, and then rush in the one that fits.—Harper's Bazar.

If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.

They Take The Lead.

Trim, McGregor & Co. are receiving new goods for fall every day. One case of all wool dress goods, double width, worth 40 cents, we will sell for 35 cents. It will pay you to call and see them. Another case of those Gents' unlaundried shirts at 47 cents—good value at 75 cents. Just received, one hundred pairs of Ladies' Kid Shoes direct from the factory, worth \$4.00, which we will sell for \$3.00. All summer goods at cost. Call and see us.

TRIM, MCGREGOR & CO.

Rooming and Boarding.

All who wish to take Normal students to room or board, during the coming term, are requested to furnish information on the following points:

1. Name, street and number.
2. Rooms or board or both.
3. Number of rooms—furnished or not.
4. Ladies or gentlemen, and how many.

The rule forbidding ladies and gentlemen to occupy rooms in the same house will be observed. Direct through the P. O. to J. M. B. SILL, Ypsilanti, Aug. 8, 1887.

A Negative Notice.

Mr. J. J. Stephenson, the photographer, has purchased all the negatives made by Lewis & Gibson and their successor in this city, H. S. Humphreys, and will make photographs from them at the special prices recently offered by Mr. Humphreys, \$2 per dozen, or \$1.25 per half dozen, during the next sixty days.

Residence for Sale at Auction.

The residence and property on Washington street, known as the Dr. Chamberlain estate, will be sold to the highest bidder, at 10 o'clock Saturday forenoon August 20. Persons desiring to examine the premises previous to the sale or wishing any information, should apply to J. J. Stephenson or to Martin Cremer.

Housekeeper Wanted.

A competent and trustworthy woman wanted to take entire charge of the work in a small family. Address Mrs. W. M. O., care of The Ypsilantian.

Plymouth Rocks for Sale.

For the purpose of making room for young stock, Prof. Bellows desires to sell a few pure-breed Plymouth Rocks hens at reasonable prices. Call at his residence on Summit street.

For Sale.

A young horse, gentle, and good driver; will be sold cheap. Also a phaeton and single harness. Inquire of N. B. Trim, of Trim, McGregor & Co.

House for Sale.

Frame house, nine rooms, centrally located. Will be sold for \$1000, if sold before September 1. Call at McCullough's Machine Works.

"Have a Cigar?"

If you will, please remember that the best place in the city to get it is at Joe Manning's cigar store. He keeps the best five cent cigars in Ypsilanti, and a full line of smoker's articles.

I. O. O. F. Announcement.

The Transportation Committee of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F., today announces that the grand official route from Chicago to Denver and return in September will be Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Ry., Chicago to Kansas City, Union Pacific Ry., Kansas City to Denver, returning via Burlington Route, Denver to Chicago. Official train will leave Chicago for Denver at 2 p. m. Wednesday, September 14th.

"Too Sweet To Live."

Joe Manning is not, of course, but the elegant confectionery he keeps at his cigar store is the purest and best in the city. Try his French mixture, composed of best imported candies.

A kind invitation and a sweet suggestion.

is that given by A. A. Graves, the grocer, in this issue, to try some of his New Orleans Molasses. Graves is not a bit sentimental but he has a way of saying pleasant things occasionally.

Try the Jackson Patent Flour. For sale by C. H. Foster.

Try the Jackson Patent Flour. For sale by C. H. Foster.

Wood's official Railway Guide of Michigan is a valuable publication, containing map and complete time tables of all Michigan roads. Published monthly at ten cents a copy or \$1 a year.

COME TO THE
Evangelistic Meetings!



Now being held in the Tent opposite Hawkins House.
Week nights, Saturday excepted, at 7:45. Sunday at 3 and 7:30.

CONDUCTED BY
MAX ISAAC REICH AND THOS. D. W. MUIR.

TRY SOME OF THAT

New Orleans Molasses

SOLD BY

GRAVES.

THE LIVE GROCER.

August Announcement

Wortley Brothers'

THE CLOTHIERS.

Desire to dispose of Ten Thousand Dollars worth of

Clothing!

during the month of August, to make room for the several carloads of goods expected about the first of September.

Wortley: Bros.!

have two dollars worth of clothing for every one dollar you may desire to invest, and they are willing to exchange at about the rate of two for one.

C. S. Wortley & Bro

CALL ON JOE!

THE LAST GRAND EXCURSION!

OF THE SEASON.

Is an announcement that will many times meet your eye during the next few weeks, but it does not refer to the journeys that all who desire Clothing at poor-harvest prices are making to

Joe Sanders's Clothing House

They don't go there for pleasure, particularly, although Joe and Garrie and Will always treat their customers with the utmost cordiality, and make them feel at home; but the principal reason why so many customers are making to

UNION BLOCK CLOTHING HOUSE

is that they seek a place where they can get the most and best for the least money. The purpose may be a selfish one perhaps, but it is a selfishness that persuades mankind to a great extent.

CALL ON JOE.